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GASM COMICS

NOT REALLY APPROVED OF BY THE COMIX CRUD AUTHORITY

Hello there, (Heh, heh) all you fucked up readers, and welcome to another zany issue of your favorite magazine and mine, GASM. This issue is chock full o' all kinds of wacky features, all kinds of your favorite stuff like people getting BLOWN To BITS, girls GIVING OUT HEAD, and robots TAKING OVER THE EARTH. - To give you all your FULL MEASURE OF SATISFACTION, I've worked all our artists' fingers to the bone. Take Ned Sonntag for instance. I kept him up all night drawing this funny editorial page, whilst I did nothing but smoke cigars and watch television. Everyone else did real good this issue too. Foolish old Gene Day did a potboiler about WWII that I'm sure you'll go nuts over, and Wheatley turned out another one of his Gasm specials, and I DID NOTHING BUT RELAX. That's right, I just relaxed all day 'n night and acted out some of my more perverse nightmares with sixteen-year-old girls. HA HAHA. - Now thanks for buying this issue, and thanx to our visionary publisher who allows me to churn out this rot! - Remember to write and tell me about your reactions, and remember to subscribe for only $7.50 a year. Write to:
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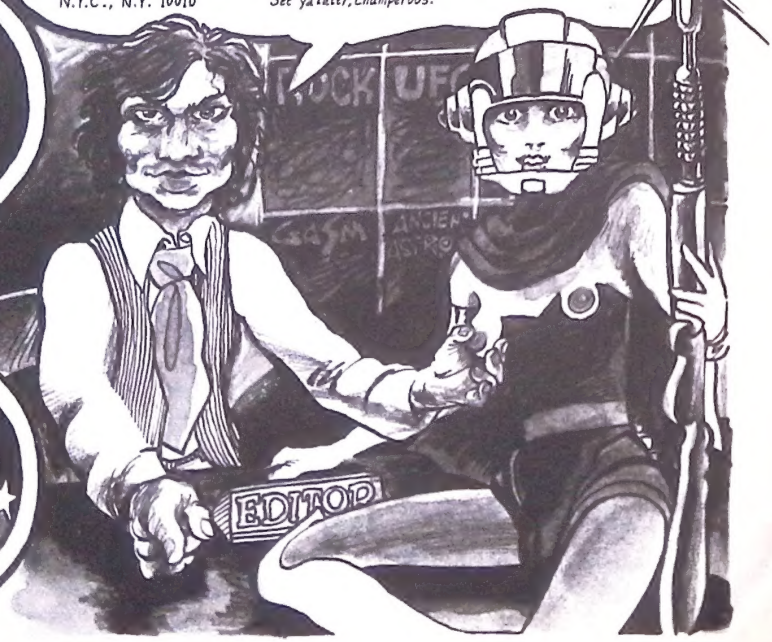
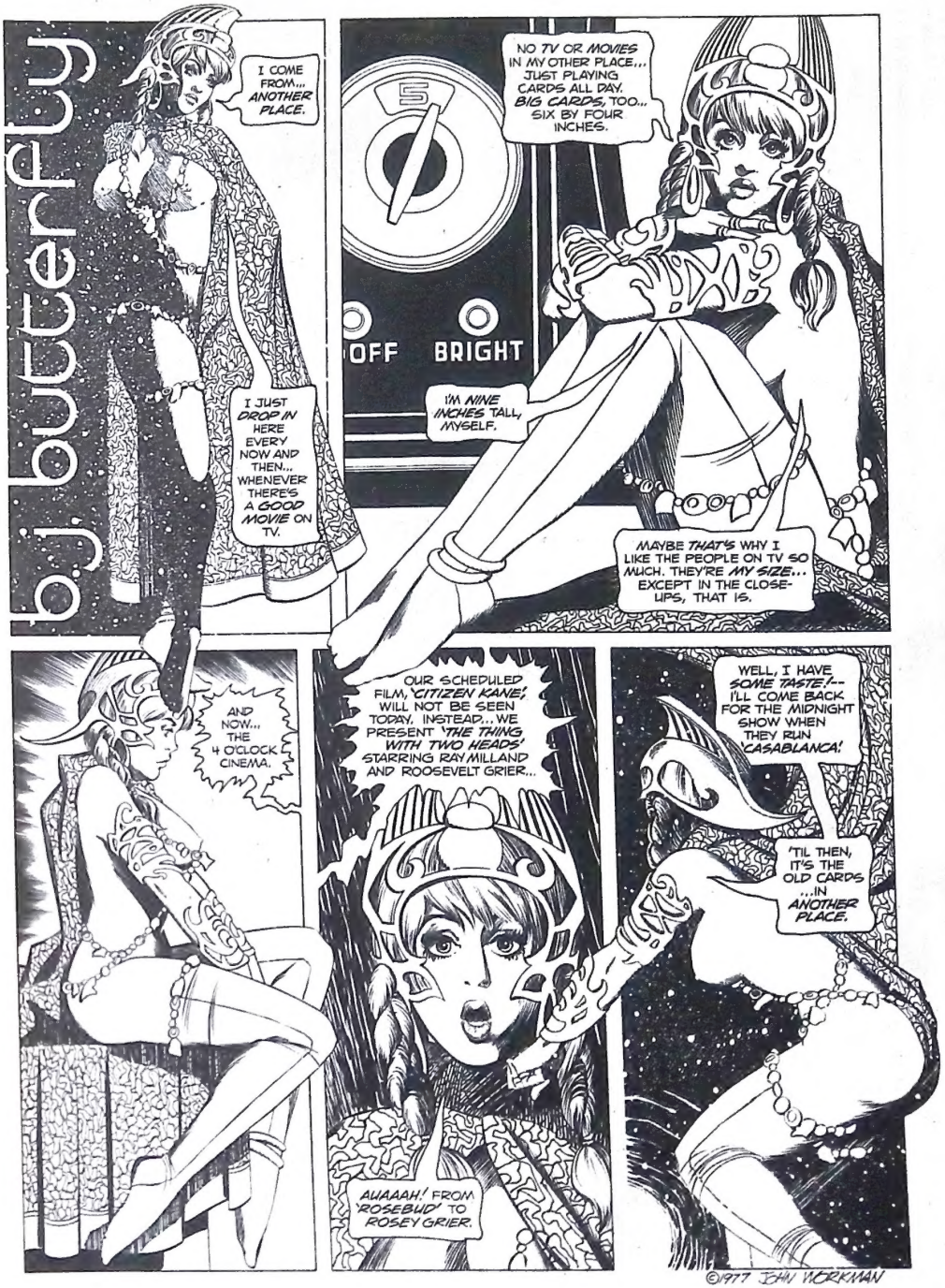
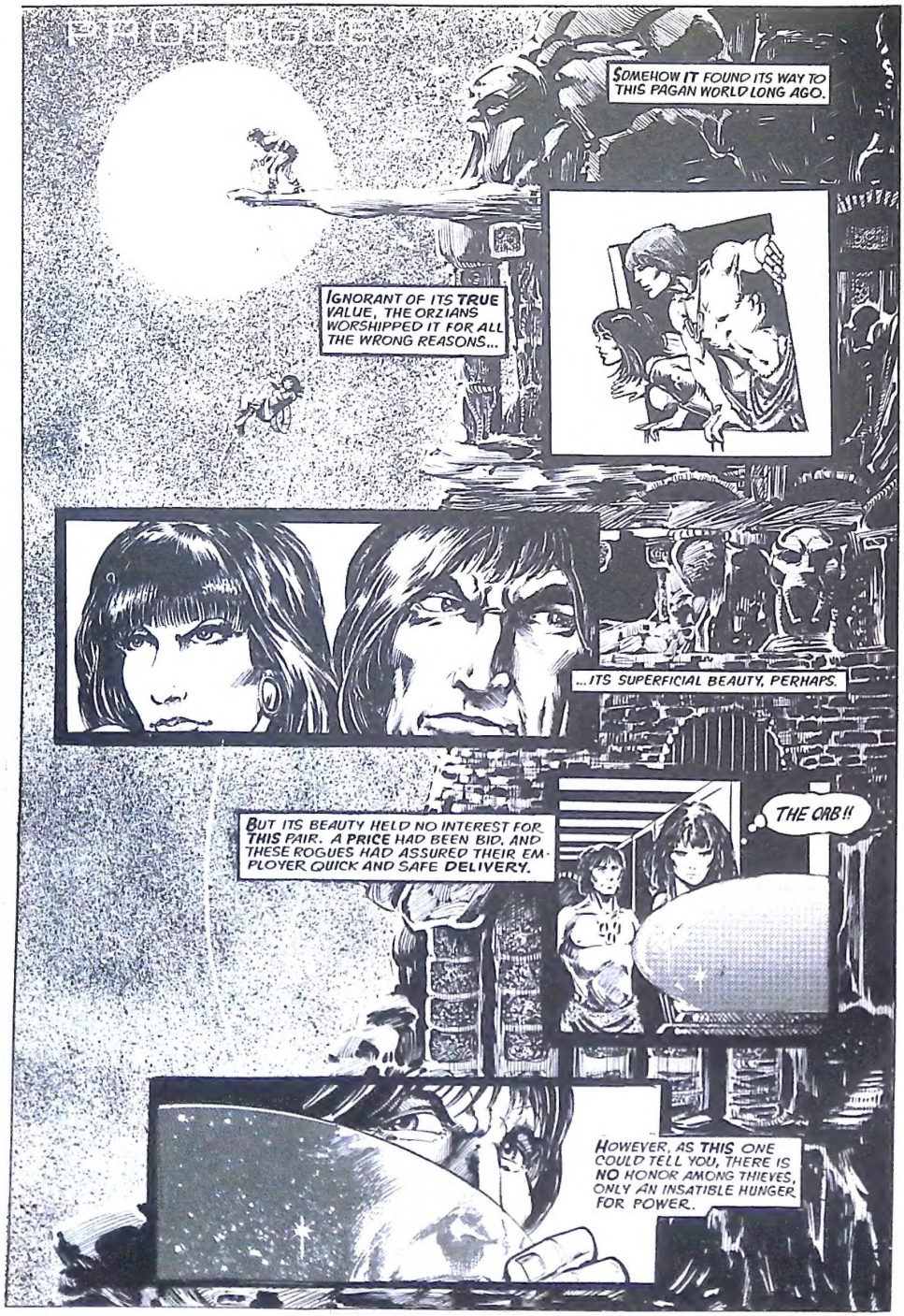
N.Y.C., N.Y. 10010 See ya later, chumperoos!




b.j. butterfly
I COME FROM... ANOTHER PLACE.
I JUST DROP IN HERE EVERY NOW AND THEN... WHENEVER THERE'S A GOOD MOVIE ON TV.
NO TV OR MOVIES IN MY OTHER PLACE... JUST PLAYING CARDS ALL DAY. BIG CARDS, TOO... SIX BY FOUR INCHES.
OFF
BRIGHT
I'M NINE INCHES TALL, MYSELF.
MAYBE THAT'S WHY I LIKE THE PEOPLE ON TV SO MUCH. THEY'RE MY SIZE... EXCEPT IN THE CLOSE-UPS, THAT IS.
AND NOW... THE 4 O'CLOCK CINEMA.
OUR SCHEDULED FILM, 'CITIZEN KANE', WILL NOT BE SEEN TODAY. INSTEAD... WE PRESENT 'THE THING WITH TWO HEADS' STARRING RAY MILLAND AND ROOSEVELT GRIER...
AUAAAH! FROM 'ROSEBUD' TO ROSEY GRIER.
WELL, I HAVE SOME TASTE!-- I'LL COME BACK FOR THE MIDNIGHT SHOW WHEN THEY RUN 'CASABLANCA!
'TIL THEN, IT'S THE OLD CARDS ...IN ANOTHER PLACE.
©1977 JOHN WORKMAN

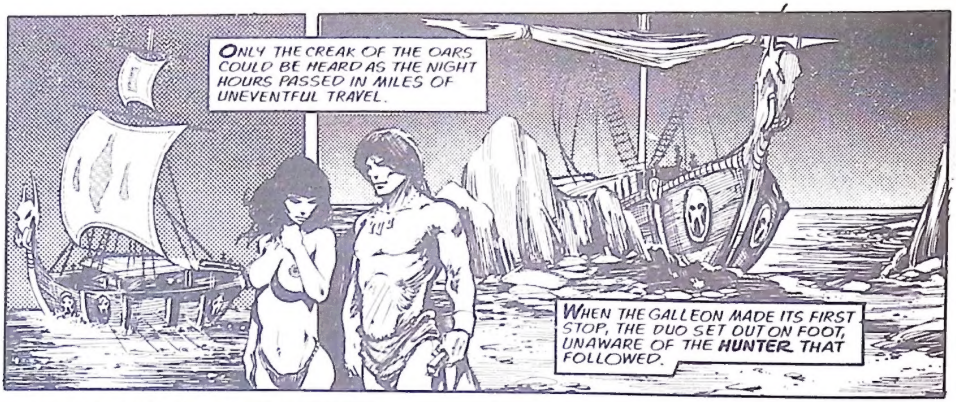

SOMEHOW IT FOUND ITS WAY TO THIS PAGAN WORLD LONG AGO.
IGNORANT OF ITS TRUE VALUE, THE ORZIANS WORSHIPPED IT FOR ALL THE WRONG REASONS...
...ITS SUPERFICIAL BEAUTY, PERHAPS.
BUT ITS BEAUTY HELD NO INTEREST FOR THIS PAIR. A PRICE HAD BEEN BID, AND THESE ROGUES HAD ASSURED THEIR EMPLOYER QUICK AND SAFE DELIVERY.
THE ORB!!
HOWEVER, AS THIS ONE COULD TELL YOU, THERE IS NO HONOR AMONG THIEVES, ONLY AN INSATIBLE HUNGER FOR POWER.

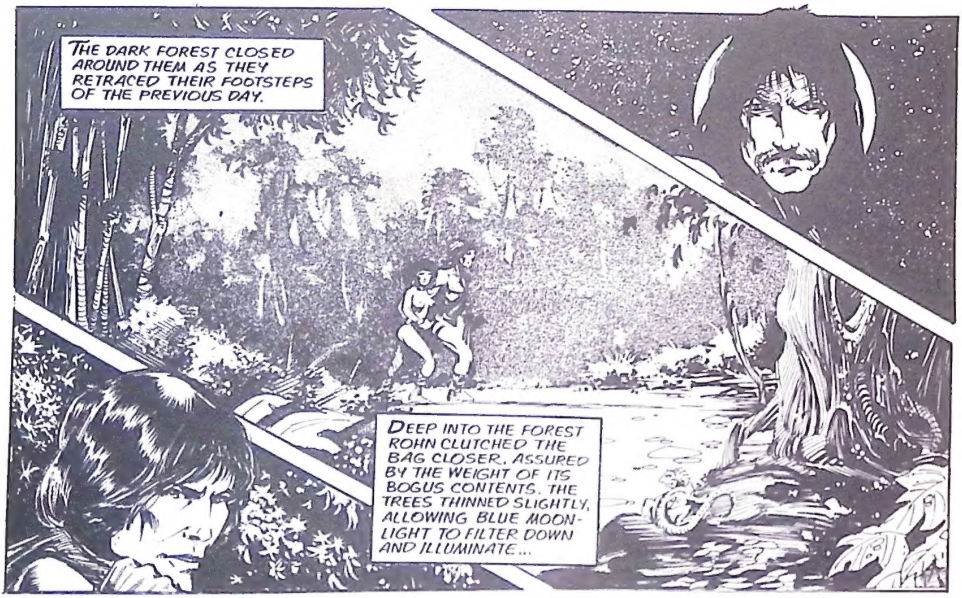
WITH THE FIRST ORB IN THEIR POSSESSION, THE THIEVES SLIPPED SILENTLY THROUGH FILTH-RIDDEN STREETS AND MADE THEIR ESCAPE UNHAMPERED UNTIL...
CITIZEN, MAY I BORROW A MOMENT---
OUT OF THE WAY, OLD MAN!
SIR, JUST A FEW COINS FOR A POOR---
BEGGAR, I SAID, OUT OF THE WAY!
CLOUT!!
MINUTES LATER THEY REACHED THE WATER'S EDGE AND CHOSE THE SPOT WHERE THEIR PRIZE WOULD BE HIDDEN.

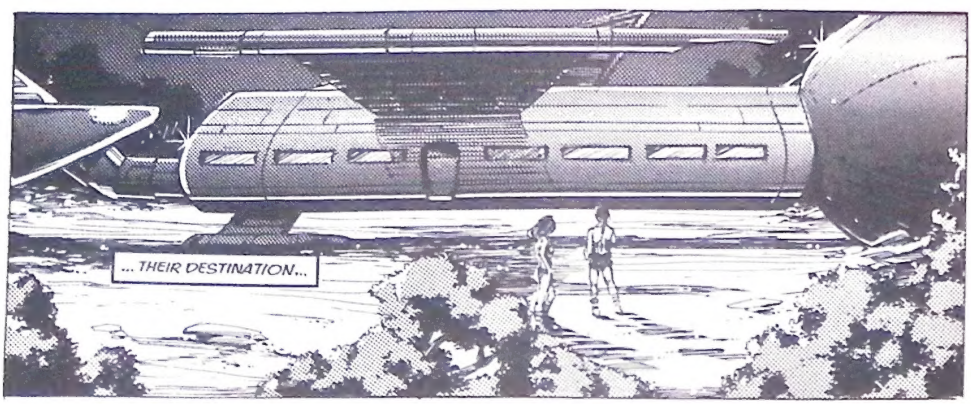
NEARING THE END OF THIS PRIMATIVE MASQUERADE, KOHN GAZED OUT OVER THE SPARKLING MOONLIT WATERS SCANNING THE HORIZON FOR THE GLIMPSE OF A GLIMMERING SAIL.
THE SWITCH MADE. A PSEUDO-ORB NOW RESTED IN THE CLOTH SACK. A SIMULATED FAKERY THAT WOULD WITHSTAND THE CLOSEST INSPECTION, AND WOULD WIN THEM THE TWO REMAINING ORBS.
AS THEY WAITED FOR THE SHIP, JAHNA THOUGHT OF THE POWER THEY WOULD SOON WIELD WITH THE LEGENDARY ORBS. THE POWER OF A GOD... THE POWER OF
© FRANK CIROCCO
THE
TRIAD

PENCILS: FRANK CIROCCO / TEXT: HORIZON ZERO GRAPHIQUES / INKS: STEVE LEIALOHA + CIROCCO / LETTERING: TOM ORZECHOWSKI

ROW QUICKLY, ROHN. THEY WILL NOT WAIT BUT A FEW MINUTES.
ESPECIALLY IF THEY KNOW THE CARGO WE CARRY.
THE BRIGANDS PULL THEIR SMALL BOAT ALONGSIDE THE HUGE CRAFT, AND CLIMBED ABOARD THE WOODEN DECK AS THE SWARTHY CREW SILENTLY WELCOMED THEM.
AS THE NEW PASSENGERS MADE THEIR WAY TO AN UNOCCUPIED CORNER OF THE PIRATE GALLEON, THEY DID NOT GO UNOBSERVED.


ONLY THE CREAK OF THE OARS COULD BE HEARD AS THE NIGHT HOURS PASSED IN MILES OF UNEVENTFUL TRAVEL.
WHEN THE GALLEON MADE ITS FIRST STOP, THE DUO SET OUT ON FOOT, UNAWARE OF THE HUNTER THAT FOLLOWED.


THE DARK FOREST CLOSED AROUND THEM AS THEY RETRACED THEIR FOOTSTEPS OF THE PREVIOUS DAY.
DEEP INTO THE FOREST ROHN CLUTCHED THE BAG CLOSER, ASSURED BY THE WEIGHT OF ITS BOGUS CONTENTS. THE TREES THINNED SLIGHTLY, ALLOWING BLUE MOON-LIGHT TO FILTER DOWN AND ILLUMINATE...

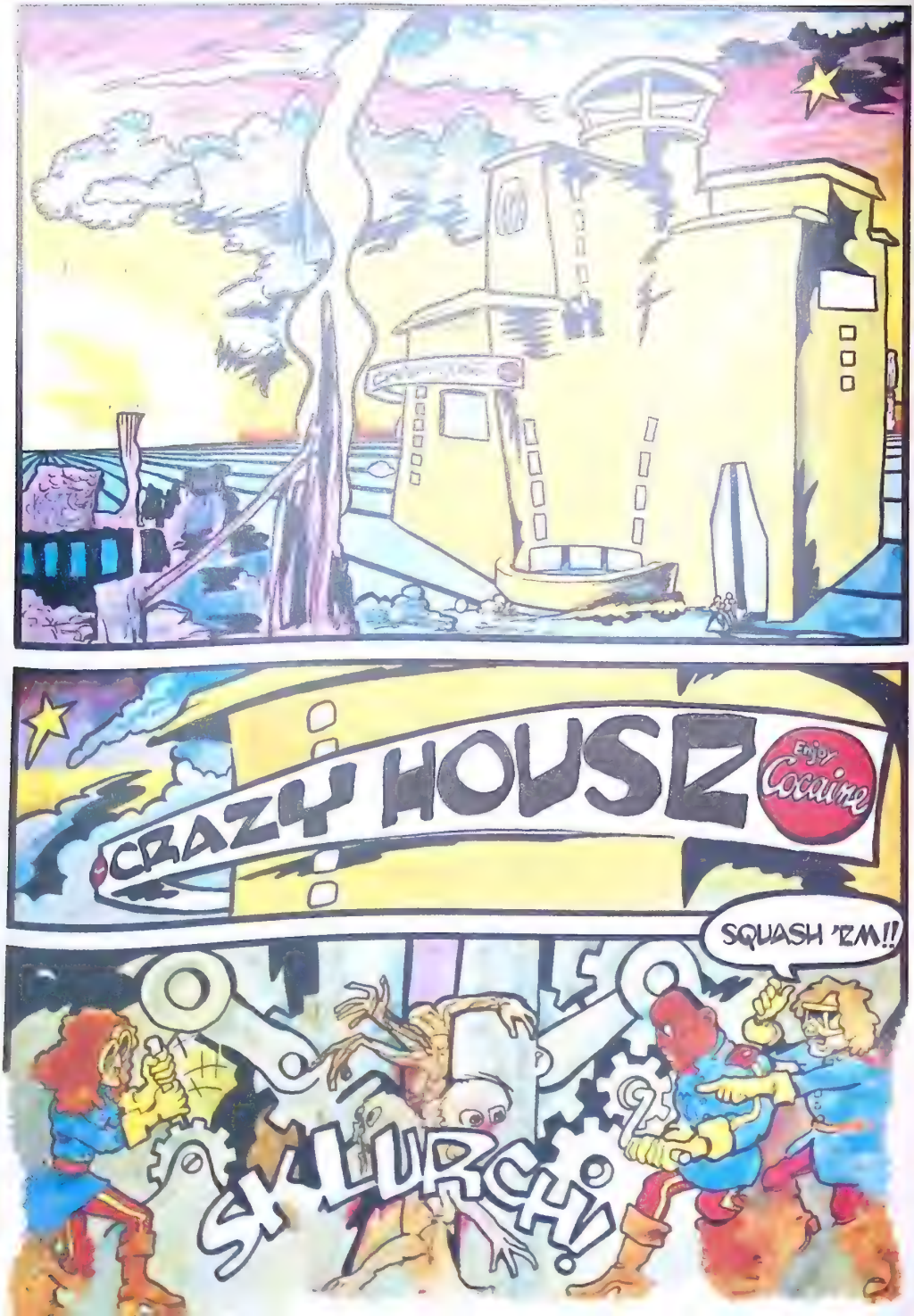


(Continued on page 61)

A COMIC STRIP BY JEFF GOODMAN AND NED SONNTAG

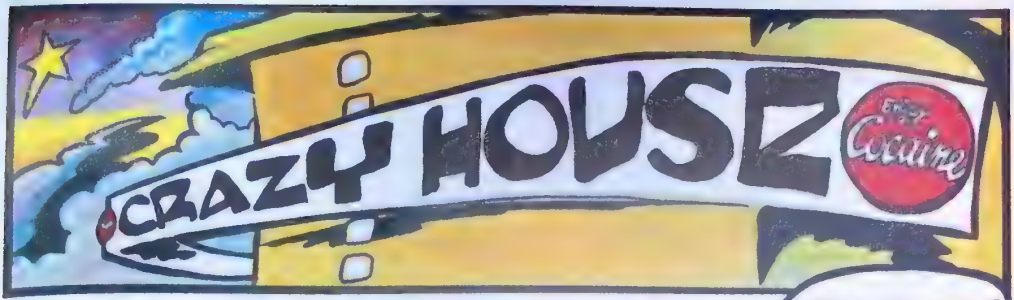
TERMINAL GEEKS

DISCO
I'M GOING TO TRY AND BLAST A PATH THRU 'EM!
THERE IS NO MORE! THIS IS THE END! DERANGED GEEKS, MUTANTS AND UNDESIRABLES ATTACK FROM ALL SIDES! IT'S ALL OVER! POST-ATOMIC CHAOS! THAT'S ALL BROTHER!


CRAZY HOUSE
Enjoy Cocaine
SQUASH 'EM!!
SKLURCH!

WHO SURVIVED?
A GEEK IN ONE OF OUR UNIFORMS!
WAS HE ONE OF OURS BEFORE?
C'MON GUYS WE'RE ALL NORMAL

CRAZY HOUSE


CRAZY HOUSE
Crack
Cocaine

SQUASH 'EM!!
SKLURCH!

WHO SURVIVED?
A GEEK IN ONE OF OUR UNIFORMS!
WAS HE ONE OF OURS BEFORE?
C'MON GUYS WE'RE ALL NORMAL

SAY WHAT KIND OF A PLACE IS THIS?
T-REAT ME LIKE A FOOL...
LOONIES!

WHAT IS YOUR FASCINATION WITH THESE UNFORTUNATES?
I DETECT AN ODOR ...

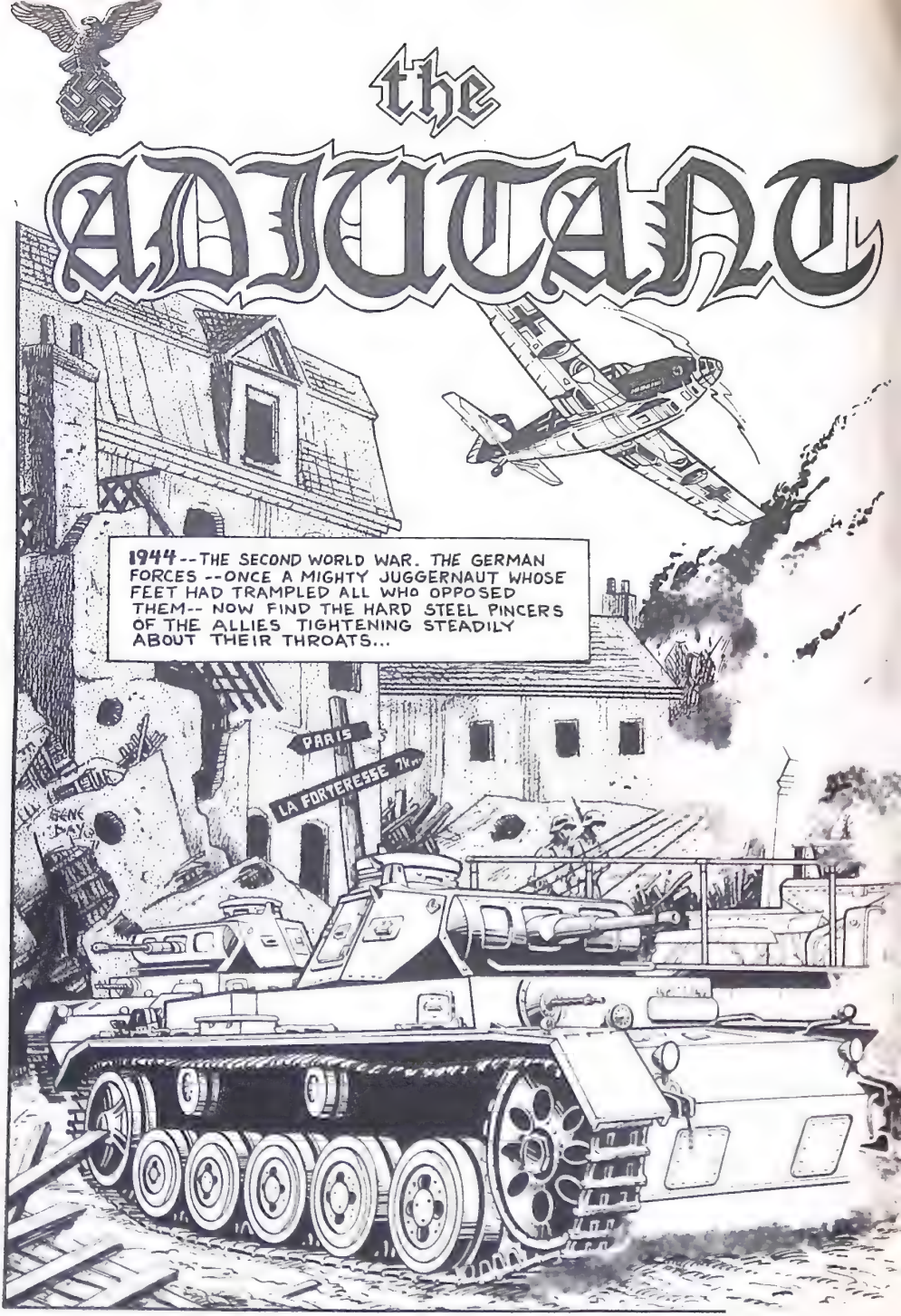
GOOD LOOKIN' CHICKS ALL CUMMED UP!
I ONLY EAT SPERM!
ROUND 'EM UP
SHOOT THE MEN

CIVILIZED HABITS QUICKLY FALL BY THE WAYSIDE ...
WON'T PUT OUT, EH ?
THIS ONE'S PUTRID ALREADY
I AGREE WE HAVE A MOST UNSTABLE SITUATION ON HAND

GOTTA BUILD AN ESCAPE VEHICLE
TEMPERS FLARE AS DAYS GO BY...
BURNED MY FUCKING HAND
WHAT DID THEY TEACH YOU IN ENGINEERING SCHOOL?
BRAP!
DON'T LIKE IT?
NO NO HE WAS A SHMUCK!
FINISHED!
RRRR
RRRR

PROLOGUE:
IT IS A GLITTERING WORLD OF SUPREME BEAUTY -- BUT SCARRED BY THE CRUSHING WEIGHT OF VIOLENCE, HATRED AND SLAVERY! IT IS A SAVAGE PLANET OF MUD SPINNING IN ITS 22ND CENTURY OF CRUELTY... IT IS EARTH!
I AM GLAD YOU CAME SO QUICKLY, ADJUTANT DIKOS!
AS YOU KNOW WE HAVE BEEN OBSERVING THE SACRED EVENT VIA TIME-SCAN ... JUST AS WE ALWAYS HAVE ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THAT GLORIOUS DAY!
BUT THIS TIME ALL IS NOT WELL...
THERE ARE FLAWS, DIKOS-- FLAWS...
AND I HAVE ELECTED YOU TO CORRECT THEM!
DO SO -- OR WE SHALL ALL CEASE TO EXIST...

the ADJUTANT


1944--THE SECOND WORLD WAR. THE GERMAN FORCES --ONCE A MIGHTY JUGGERNAUT WHOSE FEET HAD TRAMPLED ALL WHO OPPOSED THEM-- NOW FIND THE HARD STEEL PINCERS OF THE ALLIES TIGHTENING STEADILY ABOUT THEIR THROATS...
PARIS
LA FORTERESSE 7km

IN THE VILLAGE OF LA FORTERESSE, FRANCE, A LAST DITCH ASSAULT WILL BE ATTEMPTED AGAINST THE ALLIED ARMIES IN THE WEST. MUCH WILL BE DECIDED BY THE OUTCOME OF THE BATTLE THAT WILL SOON ENSUE... THE FATES OF NATIONS... AND OF FUTURES...

Art and Script: GENE DAY

the ADJUTANT

1944--THE SECOND WORLD WAR. THE GERMAN FORCES --ONCE A MIGHTY JUGGERNAUT WHOSE FEET HAD TRAMPLED ALL WHO OPPOSED THEM-- NOW FIND THE HARD STEEL PINCERS OF THE ALLIES TIGHTENING STEADILY ABOUT THEIR THROATS...
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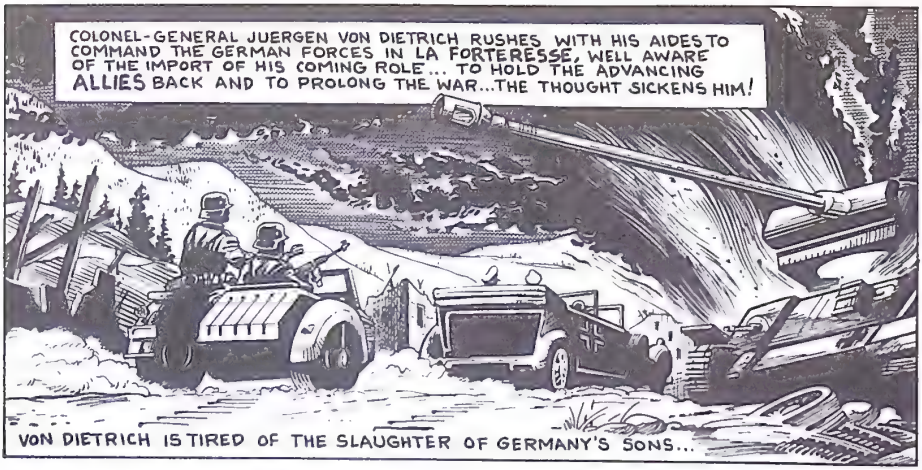
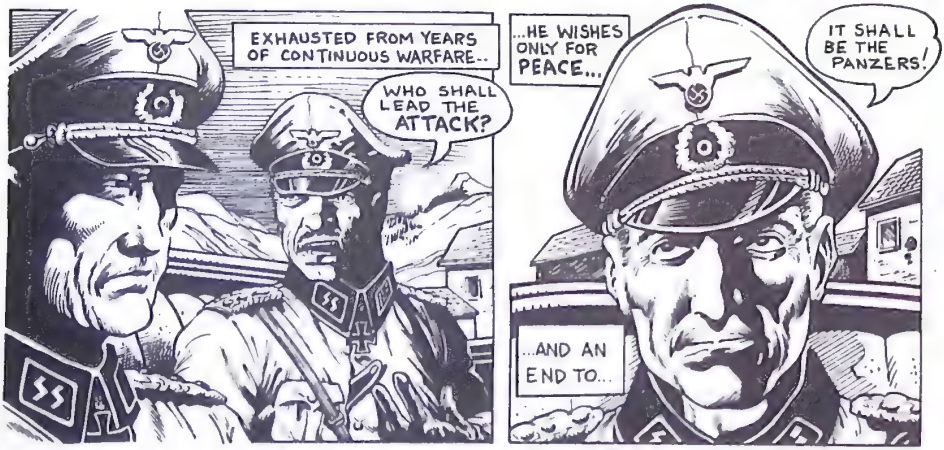

COLONEL-GENERAL JUERGEN VON DIETRICH RUSHES WITH HIS AIDES TO COMMAND THE GERMAN FORCES IN LA FORTERESSE, WELL AWARE OF THE IMPORT OF HIS COMING ROLE... TO HOLD THE ADVANCING ALLIES BACK AND TO PROLONG THE WAR...THE THOUGHT SICKENS HIM!
VON DIETRICH IS TIRED OF THE SLAUGHTER OF GERMANY'S SONS...


EXHAUSTED FROM YEARS OF CONTINUOUS WARFARE..
WHO SHALL LEAD THE ATTACK?
...HE WISHES ONLY FOR PEACE...
IT SHALL BE THE PANZERS!
...AND AN END TO...

...DEATH!!!

GENERAL! WE MUST FLEE! INFORMATION HAS BEEN INCORRECT!
THE AMERICANS ARE NOT BEYOND THE VILLAGE!

THEY ARE HERE!

VON DIETRICH'S FEET MOVE UNCONSCIOUSLY TO RACE HIM AWAY FROM A DEATH HE ALREADY KNOWS HE CANNOT ESCAPE. HE AWAITS THE BLAZING FLASH OF PAIN THAT WILL MARK HIS DEATH...

...BUT IS INSTEAD CONFRONTED WITH BURNING LIGHT FROM AHEAD.. FIGURES MATERIALIZE FROM THE VERY AIR...

...ZZGENL... ZZGENNN.....

WARRIORS--GIANT WOMEN WARRIORS-- PERHAPS, VON DIETRICH PONDERS, HE IS ALREADY DEAD. COULD THESE BE THE VISIONS OF HEAVEN?

ZZGENNERALLL ---BEHINNNDD USSSSS...

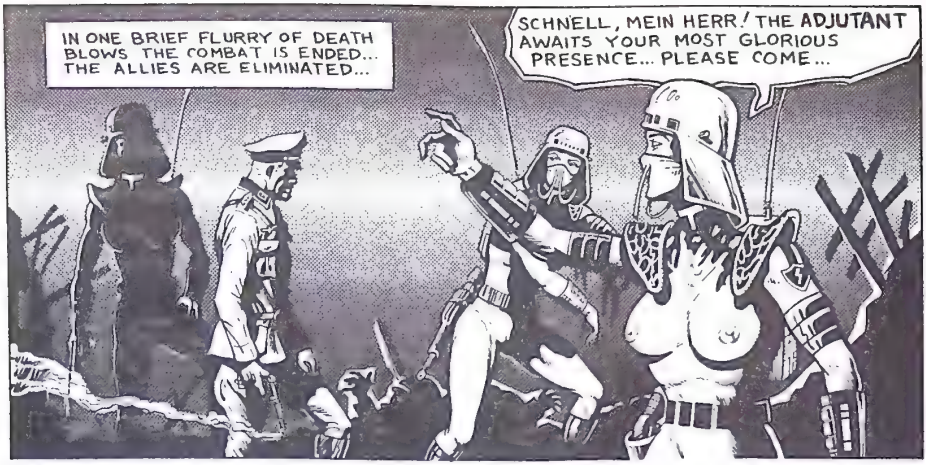
NO!! A FIRERY BURST OF ENERGY TELLS HIM OTHERWISE--

ZZZZKK

HE IS NOT DEAD..

...AND THESE WOMEN ARE NOT OF HEAVEN!

Klik
ZZZAPPPP
ZZZZTT
MMMMMM
...MORE CLEARLY THEY ARE CITIZENS OF HELL!


IN ONE BRIEF FLURRY OF DEATH BLOWS THE COMBAT IS ENDED... THE ALLIES ARE ELIMINATED...
SCHNELL, MEIN HERR! THE ADJUTANT AWAITS YOUR MOST GLORIOUS PRESENCE... PLEASE COME...

FOR THE FIRST TIME VON DIETRICH REALIZES THAT HIS RESCUERS SPEAK A BROKEN GERMAN DIALECT UNFAMILAR TO HIM... AND THAT THEY BEAR THE INSIGNIAS OF GERMAN TROOPERS... A NEW HORROR UNLEASHED BY THE REICHSTAG?

OR FROM ORIGINS EVEN MORE BIZARRE...
DO NOT FEAR, GENERAL VON DIETRICH!
WE BRING GREETINGS--
--FROM THE 22ND CENTURY!
I-I DO NOT UNDERSTAND...

WE NAZI'S SHALL WIN THIS WAR -- THIS WE KNOW BECAUSE WE ARE FROM THE FUTURE -- I AM THE PRODUCT OF PERFECT ARYAN BREEDING! IT IS A GLORIOUS WORLD, MEIN HERR -- AND ALL THERE WORSHIP YOU, GENERAL! FOR YOU WIN THE BATTLE OF LA FORTERESSE -- THE ALLIES FLEE --
YOU TAKE THE CHANCE AND STRIKE -- THE WAR IS WON! THIS IS WHAT HISTORY RELATES -- BUT SOMETHING HAS GONE WRONG!
WE VIEWED HISTORY BY METHODS YOU WOULD NOT UNDERSTAND -- AND SAW THAT HISTORY WAS CHANGING!
YOU WERE ATTACKED AND WOULD HAVE DIED UNLESS WE TRAVELLED TIME TO SAVE YOU! AND YOUR PLANS -- PANZERS TO LEAD THE ATTACK? NEIN!
THIS IS WRONG!
DO YOU HEAR -- WRONG!
YOU MUST ATTACK WITH PARATROOPS OR THE WAR IS LOST! THUS I WAS SENT TO BE YOUR ADJUTANT -- TO ADVISE YOU HOW TO PROCEED!
DO AS I SAY, OR NAZI POWER WILL BE CRUSHED FOREVER MORE!
VON DIETRICH PONDERS MOMENTARILY --- BEFORE HIM STANDS THE FUTURE SYMBOL OF WHAT HE IS FIGHTING FOR --
YOUR FIRST ORDER?
...VERY WELL...

...I ORDER YOUR EXECUTION ADJUTANT!!
mein gott!!!
KRAK
KRAK
KRAK
KRAK

THE NEXT INSTANT THE WARRIOR WOMEN DO THE ONLY THING THEY ARE TRAINED TO DO--THEY KILL...

AND IN KILLING--DESTROY THE VERY MAN WHO CONTROL'S THEIR EXISTENCE--WITH HIS DEATH THE BATTLE OF LA FORTERESSE IS LOST--AND THE NAZI ERA -TO-BE CEASES TO EXIST--
HISTORY IS ALTERED--FOREVER!!

ONE FINAL THOUGHT FILLS VON DIETRICHS DYING BRAIN---

--FACED WITH THE IMAGE OF WHAT HE WOULD BREED IN THE DECADES TO COME, VON DIETRICH HAD MADE HIS CHOICE -- A WAR WON OR A LIFE LOST--HIS OWN!
AND SO HE MADE HIS CHOICE--

HE KNEW IT WAS THE BEST DAMN COMMAND HE'D EVER GIVEN...
END

CYBORG 28-H

STORY AND ART BY [illegible]

JANEEN SAT QUIETLY BESIDE THE DARK POOL... HER LISTLESSNESS AND DEPRESSION HAD BECOME MORE AND MORE PRONOUNCED SINCE THE DEATH OF HER FATHER AND MOTHER IN THE LABORATORY FIRE!

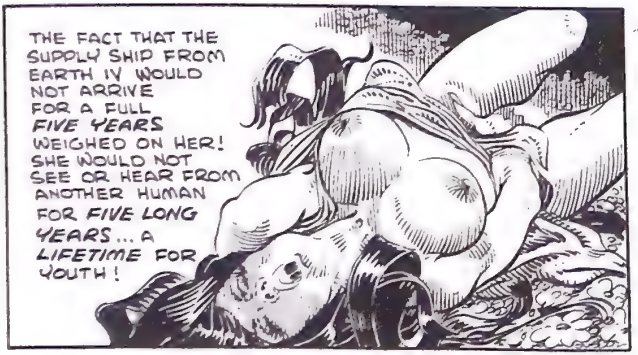
THE DEEP, ACHING LONELINESS HAD ALL BUT OVERWHELMED HER... SHE WAS THOROUGHLY ALONE NOW! SHE HAD BLOSSOMED INTO A WOMAN WITHOUT THE COMPANY OF ANY OTHER *HUMAN* TO APPRECIATE HER STRIKING LOVELINESS!

SHE HAD ACCEPTED THE LOSS OF HER PARENTS BUT SHE COULD NOT ACCEPT THE *WOMANLY YERNINGS* WITHIN HER...

YERNINGS WHICH SHE COULD NOT UNDERSTAND!

SUDDENLY SHE WAS AWARE OF A PRESENCE!

THE FACT THAT THE SUPPLY SHIP FROM EARTH IV WOULD NOT ARRIVE FOR A FULL *FIVE YEARS* WEIGHED ON HER! SHE WOULD NOT SEE OR HEAR FROM ANOTHER HUMAN FOR *FIVE LONG YEARS*... A *LIFETIME* FOR YOUTH!



H! DAMN YOU, H! WILL YOU PLEASE STOP SPYING ON ME?
I WAS NOT SPYING MS. JANEEN ...I JUST HAPPENED ALONG... EVERYONE MUST BE SOMEWHERE!
THAT'S JUST THE POINT, H... YOU'RE NOT ANYONE! YOU'RE JUST A MACHINE... NOTHING BUT A WALKING COMPUTER!
I AM MORE THAN THAT, AS YOU WELL KNOW, MS. JANEEN... THE 2B SERIES CYBORG IS A SOPHISTICATED, MULTIFARIOUS ARTIFICIAL BEING CAPABLE OF INTRICATE MANIPULATION AND REASONING THOUGHT DESIGNED TO OPERATE IN EXTREME CONDITIONS WHERE DANGER TO HUMAN LIFE IS HIGH...
YOU CAN CUT THE BULLSHIT, H... I KNOW ALL OF THE PROMOTIONAL PROPAGANDA!
BUT YOU'RE STILL UNFEELING, AN UNFEELING MACHINE!
PERHAPS... BUT I AM ALL YOU HAVE... I PROMISED YOUR FATHER, BEFORE HE DIED, THAT...
SHUT UP, H! JUST SHUT UP!
PLEASE, MS. JANEEN ...DO NOT GET UPSET...
DON'T YOU SEE, H... I NEED LOVE, AFFECTION... SOMETHING THAT YOU COULD NEVER SHOW ME!

IT IS TRUE MY TAPES DO NOT CONTAIN THE NECESSARY...
HOLD ME, LOVE ME... I NEED TO FEEL STRONG MASCULINE HANDS AT MY MOST INTIMATE WOMANLY PLACES!
I ... I DO NOT UNDERSTAND...
HERE, HERE AT MY DAMP NEST... AND MY BREASTS... THEY YERN TO BE MAULED, ADORED!
I CAN FIND NO GROUND WORK FOR SUCH ACTIONS, NO INFORMATION ON MY TAPES TO GUIDE ME!
EXACTLY MY POINT! YOU'RE OF NO USE TO ME... NO USE AT ALL!
MS. JANEEN DO NOT VENTURE TOO FAR... THE SUB-HUMANS ARE ABOUT IN THE THICKETS!
GOOD! MAYBE THEY WILL KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH A GOOD PIECE OF ASS!
H TURNED SLOWLY EMERSED IN THOUGHT... JUST BEFORE HER FATHER DIED, H HAD PROMISED THAT HE WOULD TAKE CARE OF JANEEN'S NEEDS UNTIL THE SUPPLY SHIP ARRIVED FROM EARTH IV AND RETURNED HER TO CIVILIZATION!

IT SEEMED HE WAS SEEING TO HER ENVIRONMENTAL NEEDS BUT ATTENTION TO HER EMOTIONAL NEEDS WAS LACKING... A PROMISE IS A VERY SACRED THING TO A CYBORG...HE SWORE TO CORRECT HIS ERROR!

RETURNING TO THE LABORATORY, 28-H SEARCHED THE LIBRARY AND COLLECTED EVERYTHING AVAILABLE ON LOVE AND SEXUAL RELATIONSHIPS BETWEEN MAN AND WOMAN!

HE QUICKLY SCANNED VOLUME AFTER VOLUME, FLOODING HIS COMPUTER BANKS WITH THEORY AND FACT INVOLVING THE HUMAN SEXUAL ANIMAL!

SOON HE WAS MENTALLY ATTUNED TO THE THEOREM BUT HE REALIZED, FORTHWITH, THAT HE WAS LACKING THE NECESSARY PHYSICAL EQUIPMENT!

BUT A CYBORG IS AN INGENIOUS CREATION...

SOON HE WAS *COMPLETE* IN *THAT* DEPARTMENT ALSO!

JANEEN STROLLED THROUGH THE WOODS ENGROSSED IN THOUGHT... SHE HAD BEEN BITCHY TO H AND SHE REGRETTED IT DEEPLY NOW...
HE COULD NO MORE HELP THE WAY HE WAS CONSTRUCTED THAN SHE COULD FOR HER NATURAL YERNINGS!
BUT SUDDENLY SHE HAD MORE URGENT MATTERS TO ATTEND TO!
OH GOD! SUB-HUMANS! NO STOP!!

HER FATHER HAD WARNED HER ABOUT THE VIOLENT, LUSTFUL "SUBS" AND THE EVIL THEY WERE CAPABLE OF DOING!
SHE STRUGGLED AGAINST THEM BUT THEY WERE TOO MUCH FOR HER! PERHAPS THIS IS WHAT SHE HAD COME OUT HERE FOR...PERHAPS SHE WANTED TO BE RAPED BY THESE ANIMALS!
IT WAS TRUE, SHE HAD TOYED WITH THE IDEA IN SOME OF HER MORE DESPERATE MOMENTS!
BUT NOTHING WAS WORTH THE STARK TERROR NOW GRIPPING HER!
SUDDENLY H WAS THERE!
MAAAAUU!

UNMERCIFULLY THERE!
AND IN A FEW SHORT SECONDS...
GUNCH
...THE SUB-HUMANS WERE NO MORE!
SPLUTCH
H, OH GOOH! I'M SO ASHAMED!
SKRRINCH
SHE NOTICED SOMETHING DIFFERENT ABOUT H... QUITE DIFFERENT INDEED!
COM'ERE BITCH!

HIS HANDS WERE EVERYWHERE... LOVINGLY TENDER AT TIMES... POWERFULLY LUSTFUL AT OTHERS!
H?
28-H
OH, H... OH YES!
ERECT
FLACCID
BZZT
HE WAS ALL THE GREAT LOVERS HE HAD READ ABOUT ROLLED INTO ONE... THE ULTIMATE SEX MACHINE!
SOON HER BODY WAS QUAKING AGAIN AND AGAIN WITH ORGASTIC DELIGHT!

DAY AFTER DAY AND NIGHT AFTER LOVING NIGHT THEY WERE LOCKED IN PASSIONATE EMBRACES!
WHEN SHE BORED OF ONE STYLE HE WOULD ASSUME ANOTHER, REFRESHING EACH AFFAIR WITH THE THRILL OF AN UNEXPECTED TECHNIQUE!
28-H
OR A PHYSICAL CHANGE TO DELIGHT HER!
FIVE SHORT YEARS LATER SHE LEFT H AND RETURNED ON THE SUPPLY SHIP TO EARTH IV... BUT SHE WAS SOON TO DISCOVER THAT HUMAN MALES COULD NOT COMPARE WITH HER CYBORG LOVER!
L-517
AND AS FOR H... THE MAINTENANCE OF A LONELY LABORATORY ON A FORGOTTEN ASTEROID BECAME A LITTLE LESS BEARABLE, EVEN FOR AN UNFEELING MACHINE!
-END-

THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE EARTH AND THE ALIEN ALLIANCE WAS SHORT. MILLIONS DIED IN MINUTES.
PIECE of CAKE
By Charles Dixon
IT'S NOT ENOUGH THAT YOU ANIMALS SLAUGHTER OUR ARMY, BUT NOW YOU RESORT TO RAPE.
RAPE? SEXUAL RELATIONS WITH A HUMAN? ECH!
DIXON & HUNT

WHAT A REVOLTING SUGGESTION.
WE ARE GOING TO EAT THE FEMALE.
GLARN. BUILD A FIRE.
OH.
OH!!
SNARL.
YOU DEGENERATES!
FZZZ
OH!

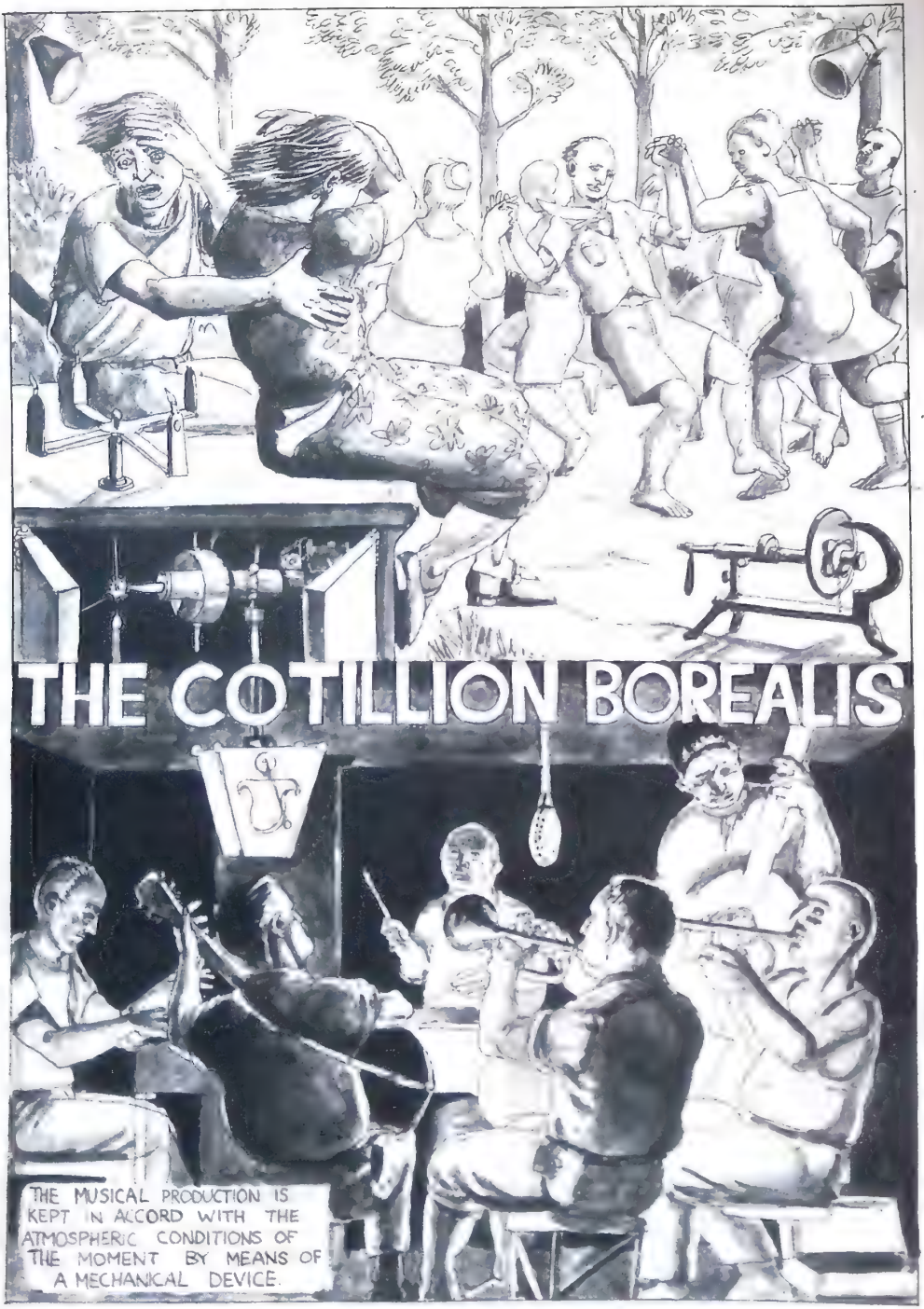
CLICK!
I'M NOT ON THE MENU ANYMORE, SCUM!

GET YOUR SLIMY APPENDAGES OFF ME HELLSPAWN!
..GURGLE..

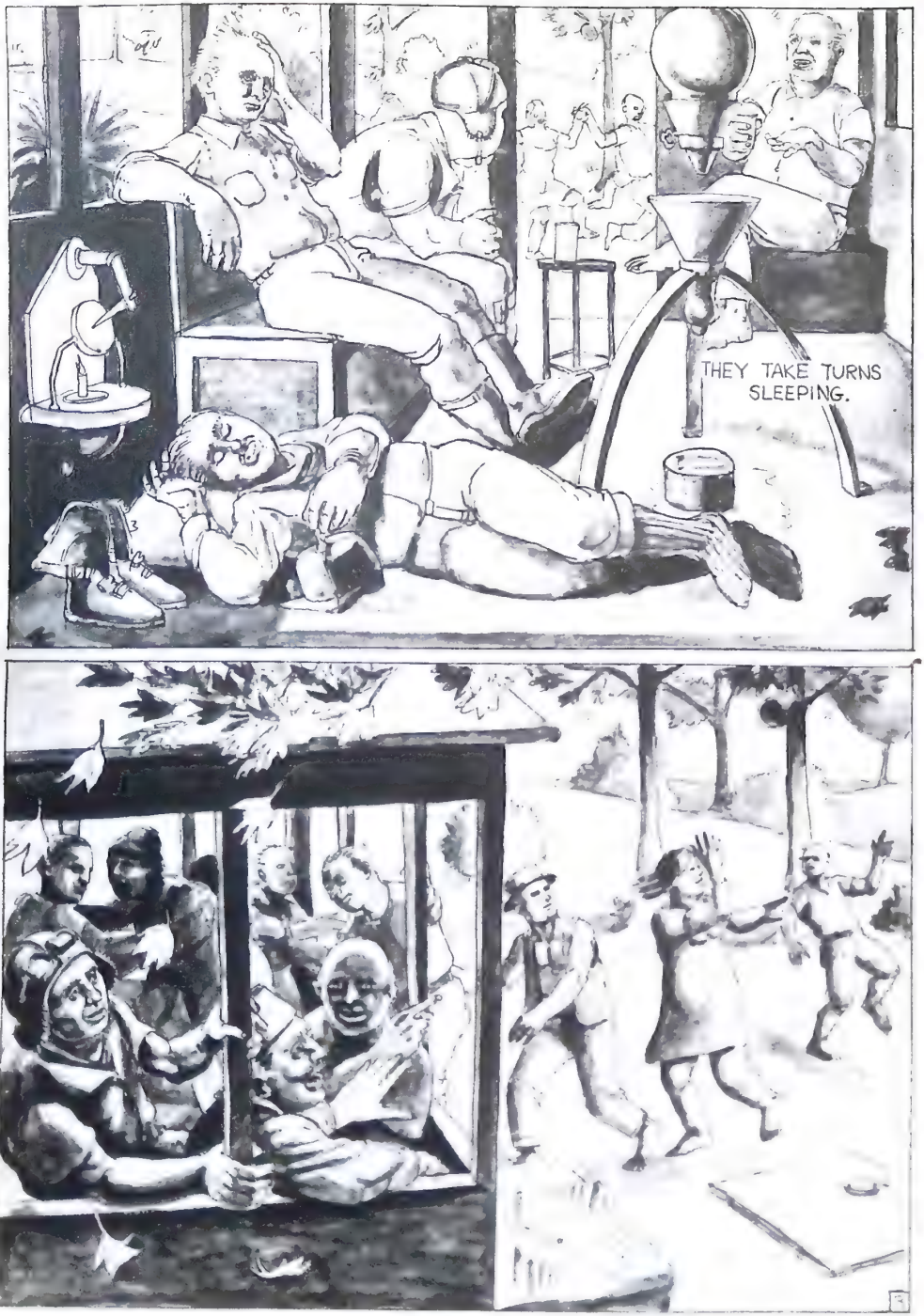
CLICK!
I'M NOT ON THE MENU ANYMORE, SCUM!
GET YOUR SLIMY APPENDAGES OFF ME HELLSPAWN!
..GURGLE..

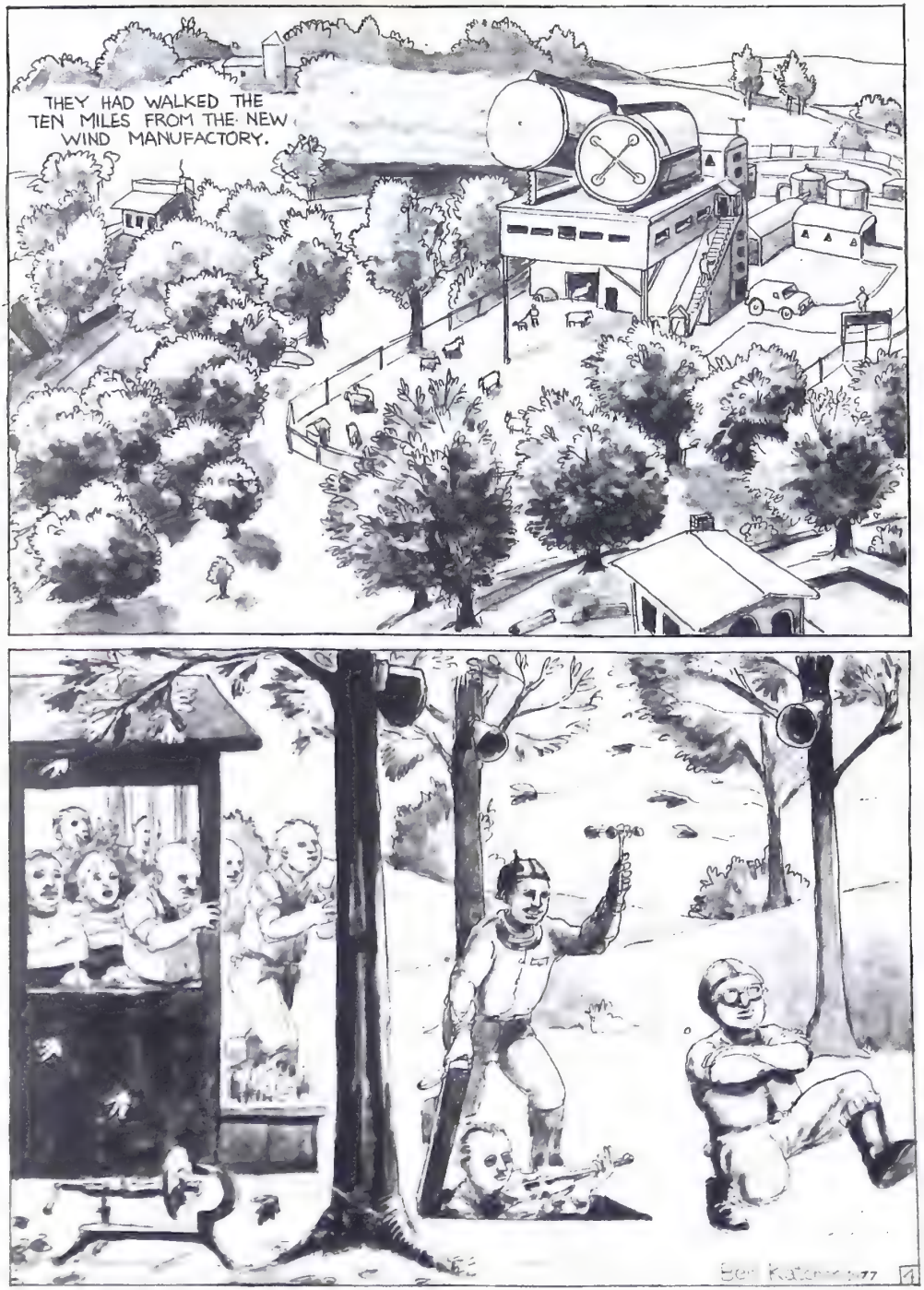
DIE MAGGOT!
AND YOU'RE THE LAST, YOU ONE-EYED SON OF A BITCH!
*
EEEEEEEEE

JUST IMAGINE...
...THEY WERE GOING TO EAT US.
AND WOULD HAVE TOO IF WE HAD'NT GIVEN THEM A TASTE OF HUMANITY.

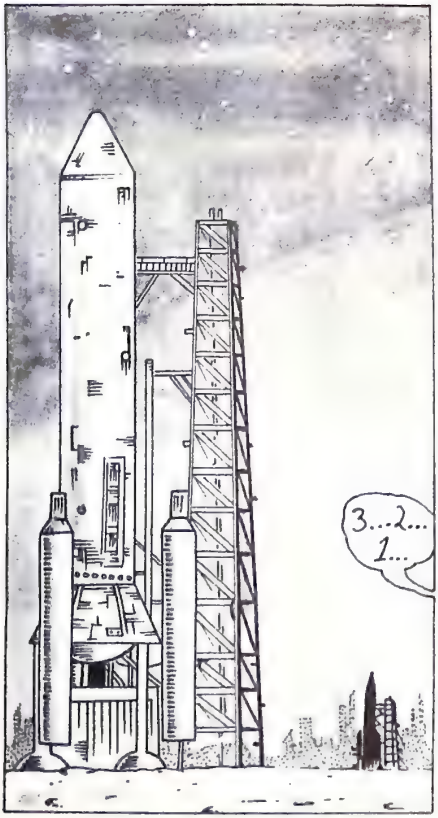

THE COTILLION BOREALIS
THE MUSICAL PRODUCTION IS KEPT IN ACCORD WITH THE ATMOSPHERIC CONDITIONS OF THE MOMENT BY MEANS OF A MECHANICAL DEVICE.

THE GUESTS OF HONOR

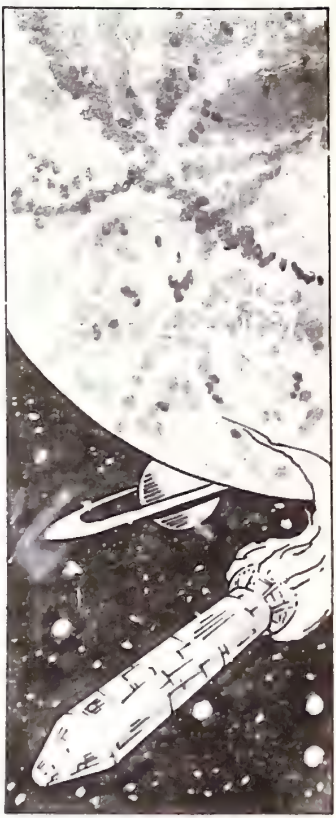

THEY TAKE TURNS
SLEEPING.

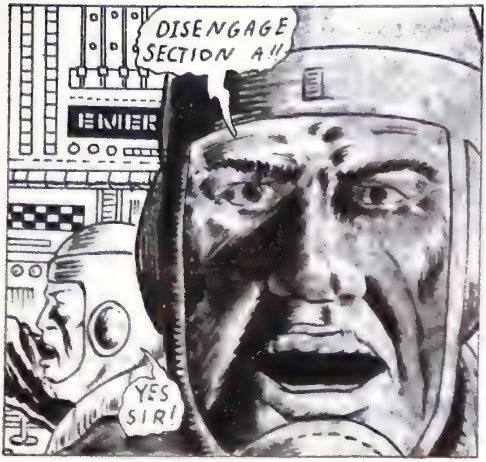

THEY HAD WALKED THE TEN MILES FROM THE NEW WIND MANUFACTORY.
Ben Katchor '77

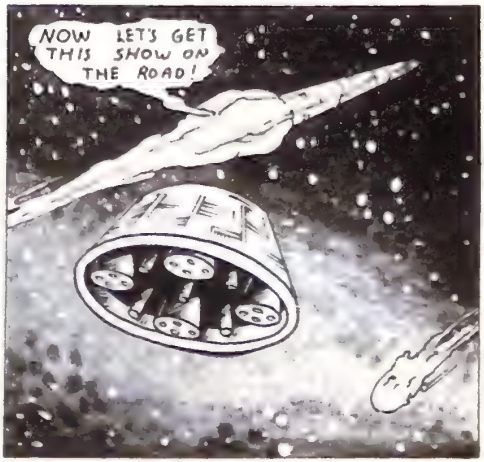
SPACE HOLE


3...2...
1...

THERE SHE GOES!!




DISENGAGE SECTION A!!
ENER
YES SIR!


NOW LET'S GET THIS SHOW ON THE ROAD!

SIR! I'VE GOT A BLACK HOLE IN QUADRANT W.
CHANGE COURSE OR WE'LL GET SUCKED IN!!
SIR! SHE WON'T RESPOND!!
ANGER
DAMN! THE GRAVITY IS TOO STRONG!
MY GOD! NO!
CAN'T YOU PULL US OUT, SIR?
NOT EVEN LIGHT CAN ESCAPE A BLACK HOLE!
WE'RE DOOMED!!

GAN
sequential interlude
I FIRST SAW HIM WHILE HE WAS WITH HIS TWO FRIENDS, ONE OF MY CENTAURS AND A LITTLE ORB-LIKE ROBOT. THIS GROUP HAD ATTRACTED MY ATTENTION MAINLY BECAUSE IT WAS UNEXPECTED.
AT FIRST I WAS ONLY CURIOUS - BUT WHEN FOUR HEAVY, ATOMIC-POWERED ROBOTS, ARMED TO THE TEETH, ARRIVED ON THE SCENE AND ATTACKED, THEN I BEGAN TO DOUBT MY SANITY. INTERCEDING ON THE FIRST GROUP'S BEHALF, I DESTROYED TWO OF THE ROBOTS WITH A FRISBEE-LIKE CREATURE (ONE OF MY MORE WHIMSICAL CREATIONS) WHILE THE CENTAUR TOOK OUT THE OTHER TWO.
AND NOW, AFTER A SHORT RETREAT TO MY SANCTUM SANCTORUM TO REGROUP AND CONSULT THE HOROSCOPE OF SILICON-BASED CREATURES, I'VE RETURNED TO FIND ONLY THE HUMAN LEFT FROM THE ENCOUNTER COMPANY, AND HE ON THE VERGE OF PASSING INTO AN AGGRESSIVE WITH A NERVOUS CONDITION.
THAT SETTLED IT! I MAY HAVE CREATED THE HEAVEN AND THE EARTH, BUT I DON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH CREATING WHAT MY CREATIONS CAN HAVE NERVOUS-BREAKDOWNS!
by
Mark Wheatley

"I'M FROM EARTH, TERRA."
"I KNOW THAT I AM. TOO. ORIGINALLY. HOW DID YOU COME TO BE WHERE I FOUND YOU?"

WE WERE ATTEMPTING TO CROSS THE
*GASM, BERT AND ME.
*GASM HADN'T WARNED US
INVOLVED

"ONE CAUGHT US IN THAT PASS AND CARRIED OFF GASM.
EEEECH!!
"THERE WAS NOTHING I COULD DO... NOTHING.

WHILE KINE TALKED I HAD ATTUNED MYSELF TO HIS MIND AND I COULD SEE WHY HE THOUGHT SO POORLY OF HIMSELF. THIS WASN'T THE FIRST TIME SO I RETURNED HIM TO THE TIME WHEN IT WAS.
"HEY LADIES—WHERE'S MS. 'GREEN' JEAN?"
"SIS!? PETE KINE'S HERE TO SEE YOU."
I WAS HORRIFIED AT THE WORLD KINE HAD KNOWN. I LAST SET FOOT ON TERRA IN THE 20TH CENTURY—BUT THIS—NO WAR JUST RUN DOWN AND WORN OUT.
"HI PETE. I THOUGHT YOU'D HAVE LEFT BY NOW—KEEPING ALL THE OTHER PLANETS PRETTY."
"I COULDN'T GO WITHOUT SAYING GOODBYE."
"SAY IT LATER THEN."

"AW, JEAN— COME ON— YOU'RE NO PRUDE, WHY NOT?"
"MOM WARNED ME, BECAUSE OF DAD..." "HELL ALL MOTHERS DO THAT. IT'S PART OF THE ROUTINE."

"ALIVE – SHE'S GASM!
"THAT'S GASM DOWN THERE... AND DEAD."
"GASM!"
I COULD HAVE AS EASILY FOUND AN ECHO WHERE THE SNOWBIRD HADN'T HARMED GASM OR BERT— JUST AS I COULD HAVE PROVIDED WEAPONS.
IT'D EATING HER!

WITH EACH TWIST OF THAT BIRD NECK HE BUILT HIS CONFIDENCE AND ARROGANCE WHEN THAT NECK BROKE IT WAS REBORN AS HUMAN AS THE TROPHY THAT WAS A BATH OF BLOOD
KRAK!
SHADOWSTRACKSMACK
AGAIN AND THE LITTLE ROBOT WERE EASY
AS IT WAS ONE OF MY CREATIONS AN ANIMATE STRUCTURE MOLDED
AS IF WITH CLAY
NEXT: BERT'S BODY!

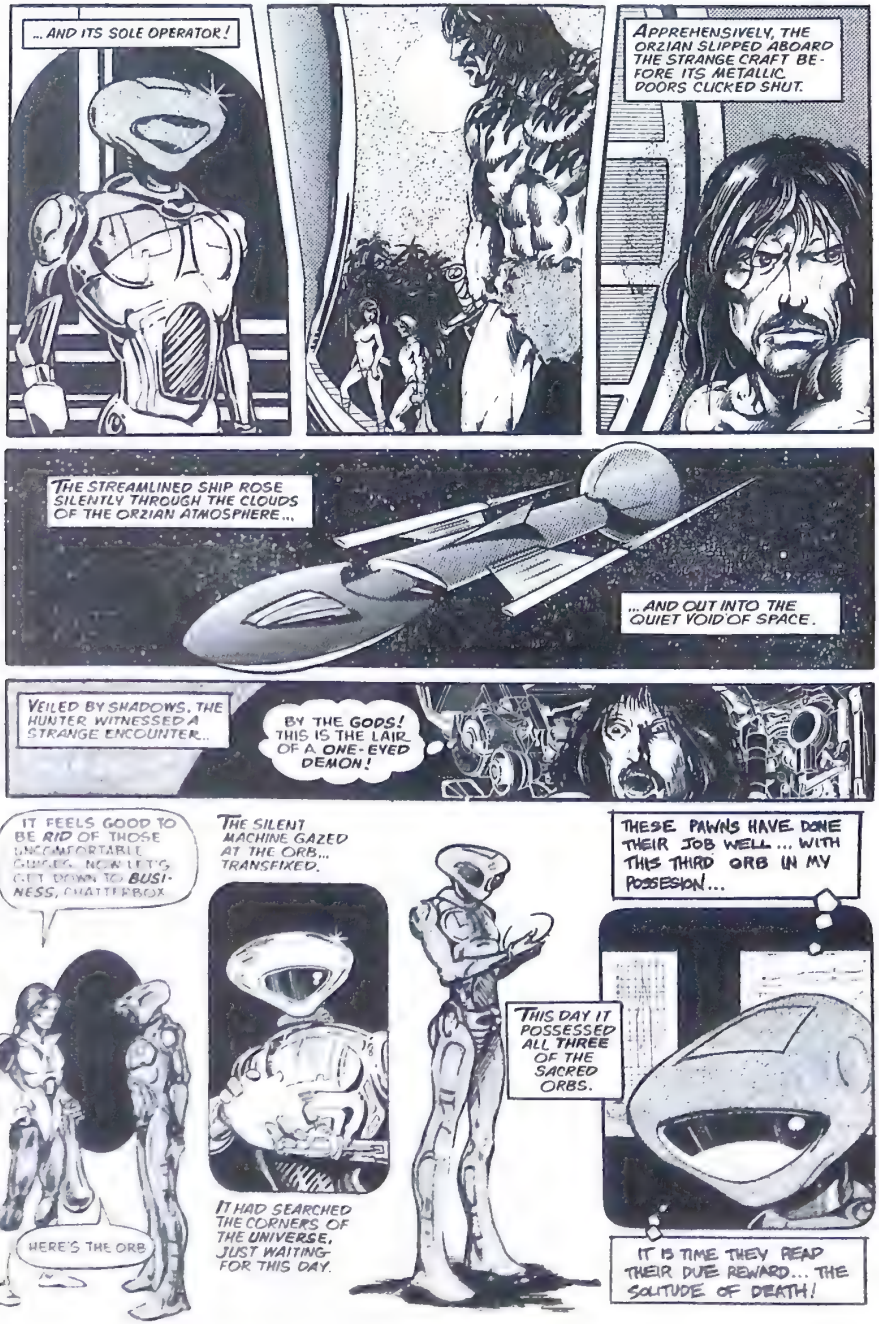
Lettered by: Moe Waldinger

BEAUTIFUL
SKIRZ!
A LAST NIGHT OF LOVE BEFORE WE FACE THE RABBLE?

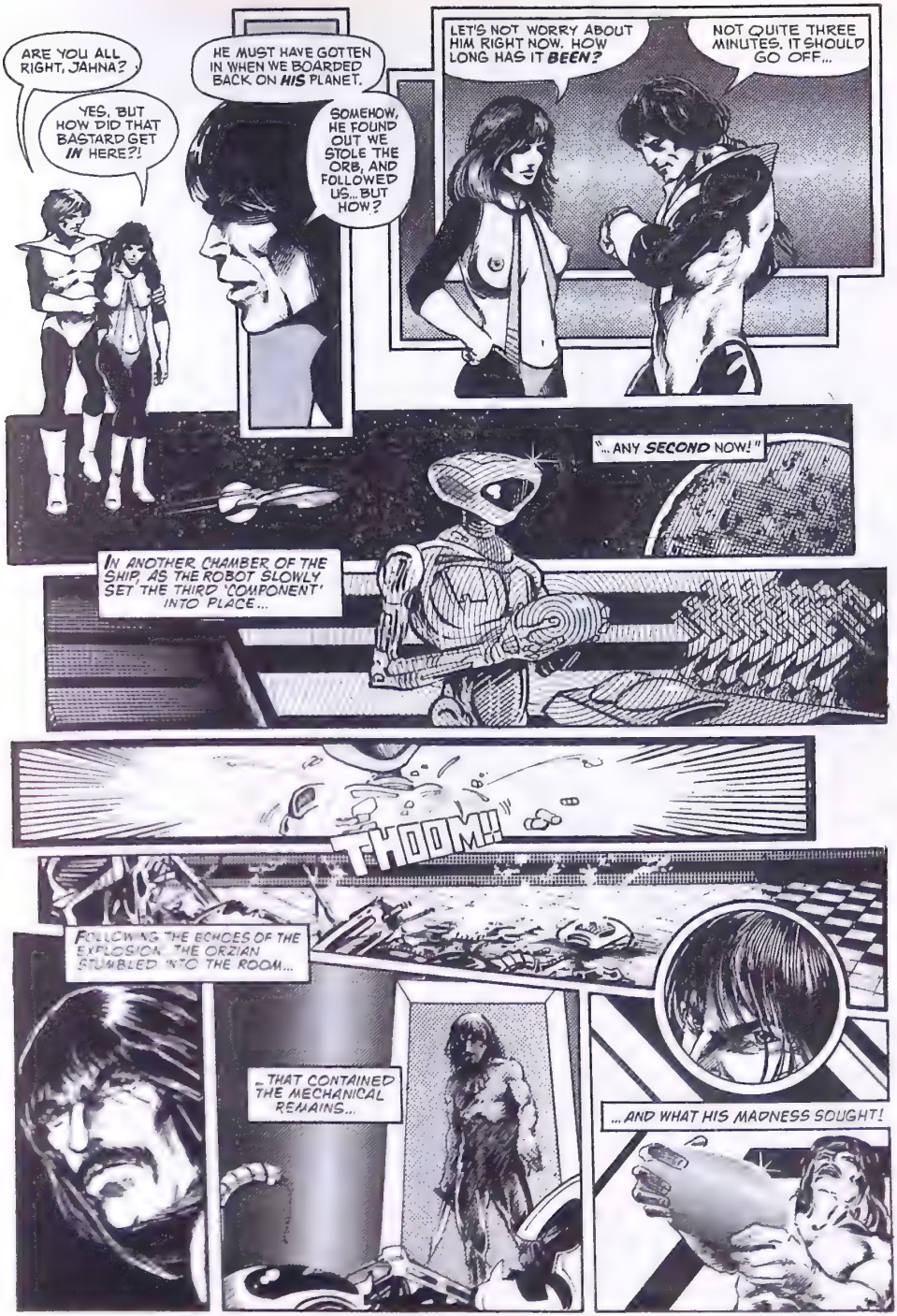
BABE?
EYAAH!
GREEBLE?
IT WAS GETTING STUFFY SO I THOUGHT I'D OPEN A WINDOW!
CHOKE! GOOD LORD....
ENDSVILLE

TRIAD PART 2

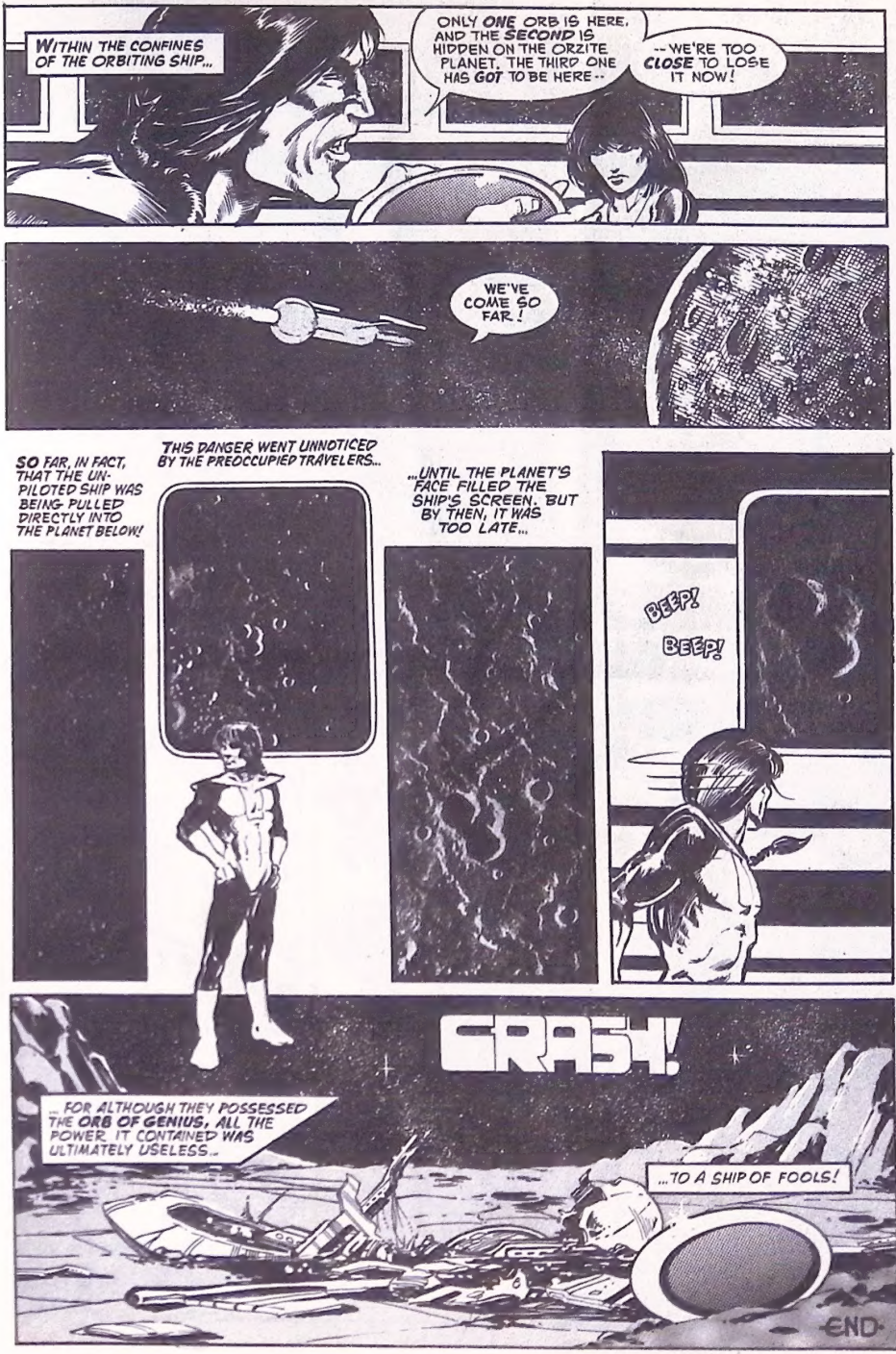
(Continued from page 10)


... AND ITS SOLE OPERATOR!
APPREHENSIVELY, THE ORZIAN SLIPPED ABOARD THE STRANGE CRAFT BEFORE ITS METALLIC DOORS CLICKED SHUT.
THE STREAMLINED SHIP ROSE SILENTLY THROUGH THE CLOUDS OF THE ORZIAN ATMOSPHERE...
... AND OUT INTO THE QUIET VOID OF SPACE.
VEILED BY SHADOWS, THE HUNTER WITNESSED A STRANGE ENCOUNTER...
BY THE GODS! THIS IS THE LAIR OF A ONE-EYED DEMON!
IT FEELS GOOD TO BE RID OF THOSE UNCOMFORTABLE CURVES. NOW LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS, CHATTERBOX.
HERE'S THE ORB
THE SILENT MACHINE GAZED AT THE ORB... TRANSFIXED.
IT HAD SEARCHED THE CORNERS OF THE UNIVERSE, JUST WAITING FOR THIS DAY.
THIS DAY IT POSSESSED ALL THREE OF THE SACRED ORBS.
THESE PAWNS HAVE DONE THEIR JOB WELL... WITH THIS THIRD ORB IN MY POSSESION...
IT IS TIME THEY READ THEIR DUE REWARD... THE SOLITUDE OF DEATH!

AS THE ROBOT TURNED AND LEFT THE CHAMBER, THE HUNTER TOOK ADVANTAGE OF AN OPPORTUNE MOMENT.
STAND AWAY, THIEF, OR I'LL SLIT HER THROAT!
I HAVE COME FOR THE SACRED JEWEL YOU STOLE FROM OUR TEMPLE!
WHO-
SILENCE! YOU WILL GET THE JEWEL NOW, AND WE WILL RETURN TO THE CITY.
YOU FOOL, DON'T YOU KNOW WHERE THE HELL YOU ARE?!
TAKE A LOOK OUTSIDE, SAVAGE!
OUTSIDE--?
outside...
"I MUST FIND THE JEWEL, ESCAPE THIS DEMON'S PIT."


ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, JAHNA?
YES, BUT HOW DID THAT BASTARD GET IN HERE?!
HE MUST HAVE GOTTEN IN WHEN WE BOARDED BACK ON HIS PLANET.
SOMEHOW, HE FOUND OUT WE STOLE THE ORB, AND FOLLOWED US... BUT HOW?
LET'S NOT WORRY ABOUT HIM RIGHT NOW. HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN?
NOT QUITE THREE MINUTES. IT SHOULD GO OFF...
"... ANY SECOND NOW!"
IN ANOTHER CHAMBER OF THE SHIP, AS THE ROBOT SLOWLY SET THE THIRD 'COMPONENT' INTO PLACE...
THOOM!!
FOLLOWING THE ECHOES OF THE EXPLOSION, THE ORZIAN STUMBLED INTO THE ROOM...
...THAT CONTAINED THE MECHANICAL REMAINS...
...AND WHAT HIS MADNESS SOUGHT!

THE ORB OF REASON TUCKED SAFELY UNDER HIS ARM, THE CRAZED ORZIAN FLED DOWN THE LABYRINTH OF CORRIDORS..
... DETERMINED TO FIND AN EXIT, SOME SIGN OF LIGHT.
ALL HE FOUND WAS THE COLD DARKNESS OF SPACE.
SCAVENGING THROUGH THE AFTERMATH OF THE DISASTER, THE PAIR BEGIN TO SEARCH FOR THE MISSING ORB OF REASON.
DO YOU THINK HE COULD HAVE PUT THE DAMN THING SOMEWHERE ELSE ON THE SHIP?
IMPOSSIBLE. WE SAW THEM BOTH IN THIS ROOM BEFORE WE BEGAN OUR MISSION.
SO WHERE THE HELL IS IT?
HERE ON THE SHIP SOMEWHERE. BUT I WISH I KNEW WHERE IT'S GOTTA BE CLOSE BY.
THEIR SEARCH CONTINUED AS THE ORB THEY SOUGHT DRIFTED, IRONICALLY, JUST OUTSIDE...
WITH ITS LIFELESS RESCUER FLOATING NEARBY.
HE HAD TAKEN THE ORB WHICH CONTAINED THE POWER OF REASON, AN IMPORTANT EMOTION THAT FAILED HIM WHEN HE NEEDED IT MOST.


WITHIN THE CONFINES OF THE ORBITING SHIP...
ONLY ONE ORB IS HERE, AND THE SECOND IS HIDDEN ON THE ORZITE PLANET. THE THIRD ONE HAS GOT TO BE HERE--
--WE'RE TOO CLOSE TO LOSE IT NOW!
WE'VE COME SO FAR!
SO FAR, IN FACT, THAT THE UN-PILOTED SHIP WAS BEING PULLED DIRECTLY INTO THE PLANET BELOW!
THIS DANGER WENT UNNOTICED BY THE PREOCCUPIED TRAVELERS...
...UNTIL THE PLANET'S FACE FILLED THE SHIP'S SCREEN. BUT BY THEN, IT WAS TOO LATE...
BEEP!
BEEP!
CRASH!
...FOR ALTHOUGH THEY POSSESSED THE ORB OF GENIUS, ALL THE POWER IT CONTAINED WAS ULTIMATELY USELESS...
...TO A SHIP OF FOOLS!
END

THE EARLY MORNING SUN SHONE DOWN ON THE SHORES OF THE ORZITE LAND AS A TWISTED OLD MAN COMBED THE TREES AT THE WATER'S EDGE.
SUDDENLY, A SHINING REFLECTION CAUGHT HIS WEARY EYES.
HE MOVED CLOSER TO INSPECT THE STRANGE SIGHT AND DISCOVERED A QUITE UNIQUE AND MUCH SOUGHT-AFTER BAUBLE.
?
PERPLEXED, HE LIFTED THE ORB TO THE SUNLIGHT.
AS HE HELD THE JEWEL, HE FELT HIS BACK STRAIGHTEN AND THE WRINKLES ON HIS FACE BEGIN TO FADE.
HIS LIFE WAS NOT YET COMPLETE. IN FACT, IT WAS JUST BEGINNING... BUT HE HAD YET TO FORM A CLEAR UNDERSTANDING.
THIS POOR BEGGAR HAD NO WAY OF REALIZING...
...THAT HE WOULD SOON BECOME A KING!

FISSION
HEY! SAILOR! SHIPPING OUT TO THE AUCTURIAN WARS?! BUT YOU STILL WANT GASM! THEN SUBSCRIBE!
THOSE NEWSTANDS OUT MORE THAN 60 PARSECTS SELL OUT FAST! SO GET YOUR GASM SENT DIRECT BY THE POST AWFUL'S LATEST METHODS!

GASM

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